

My life and its difficulties



Madina The tomb of the holy Prophet in

Begum In Urdu, by Mrs. Rahimunnisa

Translate into English

by A. Hafeez

Amazon Kindle Author

The introduction of the family

A tears of a woman

There is one woman in our locality who is hardworking.

Who raised her children to a higher level of success?

Her loving husband, who was died in the Corona epidemic,

Who was the most caring and gentle person at the time?

As a result, his entire family was upset due to his sad demise.

His wife, in particular, was unable to forget his death.

She made it a habit of living in the memory of her husband.

By living in wealth, she does not forget her dear husband.

Day by day, her grief and worry reached a higher level.

Even though she is normal, her sad grief has not left her.

There is now a trail in this matter to alleviate her concerns.

She should write a biography to remove that pain from her heart.

So that book of challenges will remain forever in the family.

To guide them and show them all the right things in their worries

So this is the cause of the success of life in the two worlds?

A Hafeez

Amazon Kindle Author

1.Chapter one

The illness lasted only one month for my dear father. Then after that, he recovered. Following this, my grandmother was attacked by paralysis. As a result, she was unable to communicate properly. As well, one hand was not working

properly, and there was trouble in her feet. Then she was admitted to the Charminar Unani hospital. And I was with her in the hospital as an attendant to assist her. After her recovery, she returned to the house. Then my dear father went to join his service, upon seeing the worsening condition of our household and the problems with house expenses because our father's bicycle shop had closed down. My father's health has deteriorated since arriving at the service location. And he used to come home every 15 days.

And one day, he collapsed unexpectedly due to a headache cramp. As a result, we were concerned about returning my father to the house from the Naya Pull area. I wept very much over what happened to my father. My father returned to his job after regaining his health. Despite the fact that his health had not completely recovered, He did not disclose his health condition. and did not disclose his problem. May Allah grant him mercy (amen). Doctor Ibrahim Ali Khan, our father's cousin brother who assisted us at the time, was Allah's providence at our most critical juncture in life. I don't remember anything that happened at the time, and I'm not sure what the problems are or how to solve them.

2.The second chapter

In this book, I'm recording the details of my previous life's biography. I've been living in the house for the past two years. I am trying to write down my autobiographical details. I am writing about my complete life, which is unknown in this matter. However, I have started writing my book. In this difficult task, I rely on Allah's help and mercy for the details of my biography of my life. I hope that Allah will make me helpful in writing the story of my life.

When I was 13 years old, our lives were filled with difficult problems and worries. My father has spent his life at the grand level, so for this reason, all the conditions of our house were very fine and comfortable to us. There was a bicycle shop owned by my father that was running smoothly, so there was no worry during that period.

My grandfather was working on a good post when he suddenly died, leaving us and the mortal world behind. As a result, the situation in our household began to deteriorate. And at the time, I was in the seventh grade at school. And there were many hardships in continuing my studies at the school.

My younger brother, Aziz, who was very young at the time, was the only brother in my family at the

time. And he was around 7 or 8 years old. My brother and I used to go to school with many problems and difficulties. After passing the 7th grade examination, I was promoted to the 8th grade.

During such a critical time, my mother suddenly fell from the bungalow to the ground, and the foot bone was broken. She was admitted to the Osmania general hospital in Hyderabad for treatment and health recovery. I was in the hospital with my mother to look after her during her illness. And by that time, my studies had been stopped due to the problems and worries mentioned above.

I couldn't recall this matter when my mother returned home from the hospital, despite the events of the time being able to be traced in my memory. And at that time, I was of a younger age and not able to know the events and matters of daily life and household affairs.

After hearing our basic life description, one of our relatives invited me to join nursing school. I was also not aware that we had a source of income while living with my father.

The 3rd chapter

About events of this period that are no longer in memory. Then, while I was in nursing training

school in Adilabad, my father's health suddenly deteriorated. So for this reason, my uncle, Dr. Ibrahim Ali Khan, who was the cousin brother of my father, has asked me to go to Hyderabad and see my father. In fact, I started the nursing training three months late. Doctor Sahib granted me and the other nursing school trainee girls Diwali holiday travel permission. I came to Hyderabad for a period of one week when my father was admitted to the Osmania Hospital. I used to visit my father daily, and then my father used to sit me down in peace and comfort and talk to me. And at that time, he used to talk to me with joy and peace, and he used to make me supplications from the bottom of his heart.

Dear biography reader, I'd like to inform you that my two brothers and one sister were born and died in a short period of time. So for this reason, my father used to like me very much. He was very concerned about my travelling such a long distance.

My father came to the city bus station to send me off on my journey back to Adilabad at the end of one week. So it was the last time of my last visit of father. He died upon my departure to Adilabad after a one-week period. Regarding the death news, Doctor Sahab has told me at Adilabad that you visit Hyderabad as your father is not well these days.

Now here, the translator is adding details of the burial of her father at the Muslim cemetery opposite of the green door in Hyderabad, and when her Wali Pasha relative, who was riding a bicycle directly to the cemetery area at the time of the burial, was present there and able to add a few lines from his memory record,

In this matter, I have forgotten how I started writing my book. He is our tenant, and with them, they were our love, affection, and sincerity. There was my friend Salaha Begum, who was the daughter of our tenant. And we used to go to school together and live in an affectionate and loving home. She was married and migrated to Pakistan. She called me several years ago, which means three years ago. And she died there.

Her sister's name was Akhtar Begum, and she had two sons, one named Qamar and the other named Anwar, when she lived in our house. Qamar used to tutor me in math. In short, I could not forget their sincerity and help in this matter.

There was probably a meeting with Qamar and Anwar four years ago. We have attended the wedding of Qamar's grand daughter. There will still be phone conversations with both of the aforementioned well-wishers.

"Rahima, write a book about this," Qamar and Anwar have said. And Anwar promised to translate

and return the book to me. I started my writing project in response to their statement and kind cooperation in this matter.

My father has joined the public works department. And suddenly, I have proceeded to Adilabad to join nursing training there. When my father learned of my departure from Hyderabad to Adilabad, he became concerned and upset, believing that her daughter was travelling to such a remote location alone. But in this matter, I would like to say that Allah was created as a source of life by my training in Adilabad. But, because of the passage of time, I couldn't recall how I got to Adilabad. Pasha Sahab took me urgently to Adilabad, and at the time of my going to Adilabad, I could not meet my father and mother due to the urgent travel arrangements in this matter. My father wept a lot and was worried before I left for Adilabad, and as a result, he became ill and was admitted to the hospital; such details were not given to me. I was overcome with emotion and concern after learning this information. I would later come to know that my father was admitted to the hospital. He used to send me a daily reply card, telling me to live in Adilabad with courage, achieve my life's goal, and maintain respect and honor. You are my only daughter.

When my father died upon knowing this information, I visited Hyderabad. And in those

days, there will be two buses from Adilabad to Hyderabad. There were two facilities available, one during the day and one at night. So I passed the night away by weeping and mourning about my dear father's untimely death in Adilabad. And, with great difficulty, I boarded a bus at six o'clock in the morning bound for Hyderabad, which reached Hyderabad very late in the afternoon. My father's dead body was kept in the house for two days for me. And Wali Uncle came to the city bus stand, and he picked me up from there. And he was taken directly to the cemetery. Upon seeing the scene at the cemetery, I could not have my conscience with me there at that time. At that time, my mom and others gave me advice to exercise control and patience in the sad situation. I was very concerned about what would happen to us. As our shadow of the head left us on an ongoing basis. And at that time, we realised that we had already become orphans. And where can we find the father's love and affection? I began thinking that I would not cause any trouble or hardship to my mom and brother. I will treat them in such a way that they will not miss our father's lost love.

At that time, my uncle was stopping to continue his nursing training. But I have not agreed with his opinion. And I started my journey to Adilabad after one week of living with my mom and younger brother in Hyderabad. In fact, the nursing training

was extremely difficult for me because I did not know the Telugu language, which was required in the nursing program.

For a period of two years, I wept in the sad memory of my beloved father. I used to cry every time saw the postman because of this problem, as there were unfinished letters written by my dear father from Hyderabad to Adilabad. So with much difficulty, the days began passing at that time in Adilabad for this reason. And on the other side, my mom and younger brother were having bad days also. I received a nursing training stipend or allowance of forty rupees per month in Adilabad at the time, and I kept twenty rupees with me and sent twenty rupees to my mother in Adilabad.

My uncle was in need of money for his requirements, so he was forcing my mom to take out a mortgage loan on our house. Upon the foreclosure of the house, and due to this reason, my mom and my younger brother came to Adilabad to reside here. My mother wept excessively in this matter because she had become houseless due to a house mortgage. As a result, all of my small family members were concerned and used to cry day and night.

There was one house near my hospital, and they used to like me very much. And I have friendships with people from that house in Adilabad. And so

began my friendship with the house owner's daughter. And I've brought my mother and Aziz with me to their home. They have given us one room with cooking utensils for us. I had a difficult time living in that room, and there was no proper study space, so I moved to my hostel for this reason. In short order after that, they were sent back to Hyderabad again for the above reasons after the completion of the nursing examination.

In short, the days in Adilabad for the aforementioned period passed with difficulty. In such circumstances, I have passed the training examination for the nursing course by the grace of Allah, and I have returned to Hyderabad, where posting orders will be received shortly.

When our uncle, doctor Ibrahim Ali Khan, was transferred to Warangal, he kept a post for me at Jangaon hospital. which I did not know in this matter. So soon I went to Sirpur Hospital along with Mom and Aziz to join duty there.

To be continued -----

